SWALLOW.

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by naughtaloid, orphan_account

Summary

WYLL plus MYSTERIOUS VENOM equals, apparently, MIZORA'S NEW FAVORITE TOY? He's not having all that much fun, though...

--

Or, Wyll ends up in a sticky situation and Mizora, recognizing his vulnerability, jams her claws in deep enough to bleed.

He sinks to his knees, trembling in the dirt, simply *breathing*.

His heart pounds in his chest, and he can feel blood dripping from several gashes along his spine where he'd been too slow to dodge the creature's vicious claws.

This had been one of the rougher missions Mizora had sent him on- Wyll doesn't think he'd ever even heard of something like that before. Some sort of massive scorpion-lion-thing- not a manticore, although if it was one, Wyll had certainly never encountered any other like it.

Hells.

All things considered, he's lucky to have come out the other side mostly unscathed.

The scent of red velvet and sulphur drifts towards him, and Wyll groans.

"Please, Mizora," he says. "Give me a breather! I've dealt with the thing, haven't I?"

You're not out of the woods just yet, pup, her lilting voice chides. Wyll can't see her, but he knows she's there; the sensation of her slender hand on his skin dances its way up his back in some soft mockery of comfort.

What did it scratch you with? she asks.

She knows the answer, he's sure; Mizora's just toying with him as she so loves to do.

"Its claws," he says, a tad impatient. "I need to deal with these cuts, Mizora, I'm in no shape to deal with blood loss-"

Wrong, she whispers, gleeful. *Check again*.

Wyll bites his lip, pushing up to his feet with no small amount of trepidation.

He makes his way over to the corpse of the thing, peers closer at its paws, and proceeds to do a double-take.

Blunt nails, she says. *Did you see it get you?*

"...No."

His back was turned. That's how it hit him in the first place, she knew this-

It has a bloody stinger*, pup*, Mizora laughs. *You've got venom pumping through your veins as we speak.*

Wyll's blood runs cold. He doesn't have any anti-toxins with him, and, well-- He'd thought- from how it had felt, when it wounded him, he'd assumed--

...Well. No matter. The gashes on his back are, from what he can feel, in no way small. How much time does he have left?

Or...

"Is it fatal?" he asks.

Aw. Too smart for your own good! I wanted to see the oh-so-stoic Blade lose his composure a bit first...

Wyll exhales, relieved. "That's a no, then."

No, it won't kill you. But...

She trails off, and Wyll can just picture the little smirk on her face-- she's playing with him, and she's already won, although he can't fathom what it is that she's won, exactly.

"But?"

You might die in your wild, mindless hunt for a mate once it sets in.

He blinks. She can't possibly be saying--

The venom doubles as an aphrodisiac, pup. Stronger than most anything on this plane. Isn't that fun?

Shit.

"Shit!"

Wyll slides back down onto the ground with a thump, head in his hands.

And no, you can't deal with it yourself, she informs him, sounding for all the world like the cat that got the cream. *You need the assistance of someone- or something- else.*

There were so, so many ways this could go wrong. There were so, so many ways it had already gone wrong.

This was horrific. This was *humiliating*. This was *such* an easy way to get killed.

The legendary Blade of Frontiers, reduced to nothing more than a slavering animal, she whispers. *It's going to start any moment now, you know.*

"Fuck off, Mizora," he tells her. "You could have bloody warned me!"

But where's the fun in that?

Wyll doesn't dignify her teasing with a response, choosing to trudge back to his abandoned pack and hike it up atop his shoulders.

Hopefully, Wyll can find some secluded cave or nook in the rock to wait out the worst of it. Maybe even find help, proper.

You won't get far.

He grunts in acknowledgement and starts walking.

-π-π-

In the end, Mizora's right- he doesn't make it far.

Wyll manages to get about half a mile away from the scene of the battle, Mizora oddly quiet for all she must have been watching, before the first wave of heat hits him.

It's nothing like what he was expecting- not a spark of lust slowly building its way towards an inferno, not some sort of gnawing hunger he can ignore, outlast.

No, this is unforgiving.

It slams into him, buries him like an avalanche. One moment, he's walking, breathing in and out, eyes fixed on the horizon. The next, he's writhing in the dirt, every bit of his body feeling like it's burning from the inside out. His skin itches, his eyes can't focus on a single damned thing- the world is reduced to *need*, worse than hunger, worse than thirst.

It hurts.

Aw, puppy, a voice croons in his ear, hands ghosting up his spine- and he arcs into the touch, gasping against the being's skin. *I told you so.*

It takes him a moment to place the voice, whatever semblance of coherency he has left fighting a losing battle against the all-consuming heat.

"M'zora?"

Yes, Wyll?

"Wha's... hap'pnin?"

Oh, you stupid, adorable little thing. You aren't thinking straight. Here, let me help you.

The smell of sulphur intensifies for a brief moment, and when it fades, his mind is his own once more.

That doesn't mean his body is, though.

"Oh, fuck," Wyll gasps, processing the ruthless want as best he can while his hips jerk against the ground. "You weren't- *hnng*- kidding."

"I'd never lie to you, pup," she says, amused, and his eyes shoot open with surprise at the corporeality of the sound.

Having taken physical form, Mizora stands- or, rather, sits- beside him, cradling his head in her lap as Wyll squirms. Her eyes meet his own, and she grins.

"There's nobody- no*thing*- around for miles, Wyll, dear. I've made sure of it. You don't need to worry about forcing yourself upon some poor soul anymore, pup!"

Wyll tries not to feel too grateful- cambions don't do things for free, and vulnerable as he is, Mizora may demand a costly price for such help.

"Wh-what do you want in return?"

She pouts. "Who says I want anything?"

Wyll whines, and grits his teeth. "Always-- want s-something. *Gods*-"

"Oh, you know me too well, puppy. But I swear, all I want is to *help*."

She snaps her fingers, and his clothes are no more.

"Wh- Huh-" he sputters, embarrassed. "*What*?"

Mizora clicks her tongue at him in a scolding manner. "Don't be like that. You're going to feel like this until something fucks it out of you, and I'm *sure* you don't want to leave your beloved coast without its *precious Blade* for too long."

And Wyll's burning oh-so hot, but his blood still finds a way to run cold once more.

"Why waste time? I'm right here, darling. And no giving me nonsense about it- lest you'd rather me release the protections I've put on these woods and *leave* you for the gnolls to find?"

He shakes his head vigorously. She grins. "Thought so."

She flicks her wrist and, in a flurry of sparks, renders herself naked as well. Nothing he hasn't seen before, although this scenario isn't exactly like any of the others-- *except it is, it is, it's just like every other, because he doesn't have a choice, and she's going to have him whether he wants her to or not, and she's going to make him* like *it*--

--and strangely, Wyll can barely stop himself from reaching out to touch the lilac-blue body nestled against him.

Almost immediately after the impulse hits him, revulsion drips into Wyll's mouth. She is not his-- *he is hers*-- and it reminds him that this is nothing more than a service, a favor; patron to warlock. If anything, *he's* the one getting something out of this.

Huh, he thinks, as Mizora grabs his waist, spins him around like a doll, pushes him onto all fours, *I need to get better at lying to myself.*

A nip at the nape of his neck brings Wyll back to the moment. He cranes his head back, meeting her half-lidded gaze. "I'm letting your rabid little mind off its leash again, pup," Mizora murmurs. "Unless you'd prefer to *stay* with me?"

She says it with a coy smirk, brows raised as if he's got a choice in the matter, but Wyll can already feel the sharp hot haze of the aphrodisiac falling back over him.

"D'nt got a say," he slurs.

"Oh, I've trained you *so* well."

He blinks.

Once, twice, and oh *fuck.*

His head falls back forwards as the tiny kernel of warmth Mizora had compacted, repressed, nestled deep within Wyll's gut *bursts* with all the force of forty barrels of firewine. It saturates his insides, soaking through tissue and deep into his bones-- pure arousal, spicy-hot, scorching. Wyll's blood *burns* with the fire of the Hells, and Avernus incarnate giggles above him, her soft hands and sharp claws searing lines across his skin.

There is touch, skin-to-skin contact, and he *writhes* for it, towards it, *desperate* for the fire to die down, for the sparking rope of flame tying his guts into knots to pull taut, to break, to *release*. Wyll cannot think, reduced to base instinct, *pain-pain-get-away* and *more-more-touch-me-fill-me* clashing and cresting to form a boiling tidal wave within, pushing him further towards the shore of the cool body behind him.

He isn't even aware that he's crying, huge, gasping sobs, until the sound of his cries is abruptly muffled by clawed fingers, palm over his lips while the digits dig into his cheeks rough enough to make him bleed.

"*Hush*, pet," Mizora soothes, "I'll take care of you," *and she sounds like an angel*, come to save him, take away the pain, the desperation; cover him in ice and douse the wildfire burning its way through WylI's brain.

Her free hand slides up to caress his chest, work its way across every inch of skin on his abdomen, playing him like a bard would a lute-- noises spill out at every motion, muffled by her palm; he can't squirm out of her embrace, caught in the devil's ruthless, wonderful, horrible grasp--

The hand holding his mouth closed abruptly pulls away, and Wyll heaves fresh air into his lungs, lips tasting like sulfur--

It moves *up,* fingers tangling themselves into his locs, and *pulls*-- and it *hurts*-- Wyll's nerve endings are going up in flame-- it's all so horribly *warm*--

He's crying again--

"Aww, Wyll, dear," Mizora coos. "You're such a *needy* puppy."

A light chuckle follows, and the hand playing with his chest begins to migrate tantalizingly downwards, massaging circles into his sensitive skin as she goes, nearing-- nearing *something*--

And Wyll's eyes snap open because oh*,* oh*, oh fuck,* he'd *forgotten* about his cock amidst the onslaught of sensation, forgotten just what release he'd been craving. He's so hard he's *purple,* dick leaking and twitching, and Wyll's eyes drift shut once more as he watches Mizora's hands circle his cock, the sensation of her arms pressing against his quivering abdomen *burning him alive*.

Closer, and closer, and *closer*--

She stops moving.

A guttural, pleading whine pours out of him, limbs shaking with the effort of holding himself up like this, up for *her, why isn't she moving*--

"So needy," Mizora repeats. "Wyll, darling?"

He twists his head round again, looks up at her in hazy acknowledgement, lips parted; he's half-sure he's drooling, all-sure he doesn't care.

"Ple'se. H'rts."

She clicks her tongue, frowning sympathetically down at Wyll's trembling body. "I can see that, pup. But when we want something, we *ask.* Isn't that right?"

The words barely process. It's too hot, too itchy; gravity is a thousand times stronger than normal, and Wyll's strength can only last so long. He's a pile of ash. He's a burning haystack. He's on the surface of the sun itself, evaporating into nothing, reduced to carbon and stardust.

A slurred "s'rry," and Wyll collapses into the dirt with a wordless sob, precome pooling beneath his still-shaking torso.

There's words, things spoken, jeers and jabs spat in his ear, trying to get him to move, to *get up, stupid puppy,* and *no manners, none at all,* and finally *I see how it is- leaving me to do all the work? You owe me after this,* and then there's motion, push and pull, and the touch, the *hurt-hurt-relief-relief,* is just enough to jumpstart his broken brain once more.

His vision swims into focus with her above him, settled in between his legs, with his heels hooked over her shoulders and her breasts pressed close to his stomach. Wyll feels something cold against his skin, and his mouth waters as he looks down-- she's summoned a strap-on, gold-studded and held close to her lilac skin with smokey strings of magic. Idly, Wyll wonders what it tastes like.

"Good, you're up," she huffs. "Now- When we *want* something, pet, *what do we say?"*

He blinks a few times, trying to get his bearings once more. "Mm?"

She rolls her eyes, and then her hips, and he flinches at the unwanted motion. "This," she gestures at his leaking arousal, "still needs to be fixed, you silly thing. I'm willing to put in the work to help you, don't worry your pretty little head about it- but you need to *ask* first."

Wyll, through thoughts like molasses, has got half a mind to tell Mizora to fuck off, and he opens his mouth to do just that *but then he's burning again, why is he still burning, make it stop, fill him, touch him, please, please,*

She watches him with cool, calculating eyes, and he wants nothing more than to submerge himself in them--

"*Please fuck me,"* he gasps. "*Please, please, please-"*

Mizora smirks. "*Good* boy."

The cambion hoists his legs up higher, gripping Wyll's lower thighs with one arm and dancing her way down his pelvis with the other, barely grazing his dick and laughing when he cries out in shock at the sensation. The jostling of her body pressed tight to his makes the wild wall of fire dancing in his bones abate, just the slightest bit, and the relief is great enough that the tiny bit of Wyll still screaming revulsion at her touch is left to die in the flames.

Her deft fingers spread him open in a single fluid motion, and she leans down to kiss his chest as she begins stroking the strap, palms leaving behind a thick layer of lubrication with every stroke.

"I was going to just take you dry," she smiles against his chest, cheek pressed just above Wyll's rabbit-quick heart. "But you look so *lovely* when you beg."

She nestles the tip inside him and it's as if the rest of the world ceases to exist.

He is a boiling ocean and her cock is an iceberg, pure, cool relief. Inch by inch, he is soothed, filled; she bottoms out and Wyll *luxuriates* in it, full and happy, a cat lounging in the sun, utterly content.

Mizora pulls out slightly, angling herself inside, and he grumbles at the loss--

--she fucks back in and Wyll is *incoherent.*

"*Ah, ah, uh, M'z'ra,"* he's *babbling*-- she's scratching an itch so deep he didn't know he had it, fucking him slow and strong and *so so good.* Wyll tries desperately to keep up with her, move his hips just enough to drive her *deeper, further,* get her to fuck into his guts-- it feels like her dick might just shove his heart out his throat, she's *so deep,* and still Wyll's smoldering skin *aches* for more.

His back is being ran through the dirt with the force of her thrusts, digging a divot for him to nestle in as she fucks him, and he wants to *stay there forever, forever,* as her cock batters his insides and her fingers twist at his nipples and Wyll *moans*-- *stay here forever* --

The heat from before is no longer a threat, no longer an incentive, it's gone, it's gone, all he wants is the dick that's grinding at his sweet spot, rutting faster and faster and *faster;* desperate moans for *more* echoing round and round the empty hollow of his brain as Wyll is utterly *ruined* by the cambion inside him.

"*Fhh- oh* fuck--"

A nip at his ear has Wyll's eyes rolling back, limbs twitching, as he gets impossibly closer to his peak- never quite cresting it, just reaching higher and higher, an infinite feedback loop--

It's *not enough,* and he's *scared* how tight the knot in his gut is being tied, each slam of her cock inside him a little death in and of its own, but still he can't come, *can't come*--

She's talking, and Wyll's head is tossing and turning, and he's thrashing in her grip, clawed hold on his thighs so hard he's *sure* she's broken skin, made him bleed, and she fucks him and fucks him and *fucks* him and he's *drenched* in precome and sweat, aching and limp as she *uses* him and he *still can't fucking come.*

"Having *trouble,* pup?"

Each word is punctuated by a sharp jab directly against that sweet spot that makes him see stars; burning balls of gas and flame far enough away that you can see the light but can't feel the heat. Wyll feels a bit like a star right now, adrift amidst a world of light and heat and ever-expanding emptiness, not enough, *never* enough.

He makes some sort of mangled, high-pitched sound that might have been a name, once, and she laughs. "I'll take that as a *yes.*"

The body atop him moves, suddenly, and then there's hands around his waist and moving down and then Wyll's being lifted up into Mizora's lap, sat atop her strap with his arms around her neck, her claws digging into his ass.

She lifts him up her cock, slowly, *painstakingly,* pressing burning kisses to his collar as she goes, and then she's *slamming* him down- and it *hurts*- and it's *burning- she's treating him like a* toy--

Mizora bounces him on her dick and Wyll cries, arms wrapped tight around her torso, hooked under her wings, afraid to let go, afraid of how much it hurts, how good it feels; his eyes can't focus on anything, every other thrust sending his eyes rolling up to the whites, vision going fuzzy. The flames- the unbearable *heat* he'd been so desperate to escape- feel almost ice-cold to him now, white-hot fire rising and falling with the pitch of his moans.

He sinks back into the rhythm, soon enough, open-mouthed with his head lolled back, not even trying to stop the sounds escaping him. Each motion spurs warmth inside him, a slow build that leaves Will drooling into the dirt.

Minutes pass before an especially hard jab to his prostate leaves him fumbling for purchase, clutching at her sulphur-smooth shoulderblades; this time, Wyll knows, he's getting close. (Oh, Gods above, it feels *so good.)*

See, a part of his brain that's still somewhat coherent whispers, *see what happens when we just give in? Why do we always resist? What do we have to lose?*

Some bit of Wyll wants to respond to the thought, to argue, deny, but then Mizora ruts into that special spot a few more times, and sparks crawl across his vision, and Wyll goes limp-- hoping against hope that she keeps going, lets him crest that peak, he's so, so-

"-*Close*-"

She stops.

"N-n*oooo,*" he groans, trying desperately to hump back against her. "S' not-- *please..."*

A breathy laugh. Her nails dig deep into his back, and she holds him close, pressing a burning kiss against his collarbone.

"You're so *useless,*" she whispers, lips moving against his skin. "The stupid *runt* of the pack. Making me work for your own pleasure, without even a *please* before I fucked one out of you."

He barely gets to blink, bewildered at the words, before her her hand snakes out and grabs his face, yanking him roughly upwards. The cambion presses closer with an ugly sneer.

(On instinct, he flinches back, away from a hit that never comes.)

Wyll's flashing hot and cold, hindbrain screaming at him to get away whilst the venom begs him to comply, to get back to that delicious stimulation.

"Just a cock-drunk ragdoll," Mizora continues liltingly, derisive sneer still firmly in place. "Ungrateful boy."

She hums, then smiles. It's not a kind thing.

"I think," she says, "I'll need a *confession*."

She grinds her hips inwards, once, twice, and he slackens in her grip, melting back into the pleased hum of the venom pumping through his veins,

and then, again, she stops.

He whines, looking up at her wantonly, and Mizora just grasps him tighter-- grinding his face into the palm of her hand. His head thuds back against her with a soft plead, and her lips purse in disappointment. (*All the while, he needs, needs,* needs--)

"If you want to cum *so bad*, Wyll darling, then *make it up to me.* Admit it-- you're *worthless.* Without me, you have no meaning. Say it: *I'm a useless, stupid puppy."* Her tail lashes behind her, slapping painfully against his flesh.

"Or better yet," she croons, "I'm *your* stupid puppy."

Say it, his broken mind begs. *Just say it. Please, please, it's only five simple words, just* say *it-*
-

And Wyll--

(hesitates.

Because he *is* someone, outside of her petty whims, he's a full-fledged human with thoughts and wants and needs, *and he's weak, weak, weak,* and he hails from the Gate itself, raised under the loving, watchful eyes of his father, *who would kill him if he ever saw him again, he's a parasite inside the shell of a man,* but he always did want to help people, and here he is doing just that, *but the pleasure sings inside him and her claws dig in hard enough to draw blood, and she grins because she knows she already has him, knows, knows, knows,)*

And Wyll--

whines; moans; screams; *lies*, ***says*** it.

And she *throws* him back into the dirt and tells him, "Say you're sorry. Just like this- 'I'm *sorry*, Mizora.'."

He looks up at her through teary, gummed-up eyes, with regret and shame and *need* roiling around inside him, and whispers "*'m* sorry. *Mizora.*"

"*Stupid* puppy," she laughs, and Wyll whines, apologetic at first and then pleading as she fucks her way into his guts again, the sharp stab of pleasure-pain making his breath catch and body tense.

The feeling is building once more, climbing its way up his cock, and Wyll squirms for it, for the knowledge that this time, *this time*, he might just be able to find the release he's been burning for.

"*Stupid, stupid puppy,"* again, and-- he's so *high* on it, still scared, still overwhelmed and burning and desperate, but everything's melting and mixing into a cocktail of *pure pleasure* unlike anything he's ever felt before-- and Mizora's the one pouring it down his throat, clawed fingers prying apart his jaw, making way for the liquid fire burning its way through his loins.

Wyll's mouth is dry, but sweat and fluid still drips from the corner of his open maw, cries and groans and bitten-off pleas spilling into the air. He doesn't know how much time has passed- if any time even *has* passed- when this will *end. (He doesn't know if he wants it to.)*

Her tail comes up and wraps around his cock, jerking him in time with her thrusts. *Higher,* and higher, and *higher,* she pulls him, the knot in his gut so taut Wyll swears he can feel it begin to *rip.* He's so, so close, all he needs is a little more--

"More?" comes a breathy, amused whisper- *did he say that out loud? he must have; doesn't even have control over his own body anymore, but maybe he never did--* and, *and,* Mizora leans forward, puts her teeth to Wyll's shoulder, *bites.*

His pounding heart sends blood spitting from the wound, enough to spill down his front like liquid flame, enough to form dancing rivers of red on brown, enough for Mizora's forked tongue to dart forwards and lick up; and her touch *burns.* It's *ice,* and it's fire, making its way

through his veins, down Wyll's quivering cock, *filling* up his throat, and then she bites *again,* bites *harder*-- he can feel the euphoria *screaming* through his veins--

--Wyll comes so hard he blacks out, spilling endlessly forth into the void.

-π-π-

Returning to awareness, to *himself,* is something he achieves slowly; through fuzzy blinks and rasping breaths, through aching soreness and meager attempts at thought.

He registers the sensations first. Wyll's back is pressed uncomfortably against the ground, rough clumps of earth scraping his sensitive skin. He's drenched in sweat and other fluids, and his mouth is drier than the Amnian desert, not to mention the bone-deep aching of his *everything.*

Smacking his lips, Wyll tries to remember how he ended up here. *I was fighting the not-manticore. I was injured. Mizora came to tell me something...*

...Mizora.

Wyll breathes in, and the brief reprieve from the rest of his senses comes slamming to a halt. Salt and copper assault his nose; he hears his own labored breathing and the softer, more content sighs of Mizora beside him, mingling with the quiet forest ambience, and- and he *remembers-*

Brown eyes shoot wide open, one hand braced against the rugged ground as the other slams itself against his lips in a desperate bid to swallow the sick that floods his mouth at the memory. It burns, going back down, and Wyll is left to choke on his own sour spit.

"Feeling *better,* pup?"

Wyll snarls at Mizora's self-satisfied smirk. She's draped across the ground beside him, hands propping up her head as her lilac tail winds its way through the dirt beneath them.

"You really made me work for that, you know," she sighs, sliding forwards until her pale body is pressed up against his own. "My reward had better be up to par."

"...You should have warned me about the venom if you didn't want this, Mizora." He means to sound biting, angry, *venomous,* but his voice just reflects the way he feels: raspy and dull, tired out.

The she-devil rolls her eyes, dismissing his complaint with ease. "Maybe I didn't know either, dear. I'm not the all-knowing being you seem to think I am."

Wyll bites his lip, turns away; she continues. "Either way, it doesn't matter now. I've fixed you up," he spares a glance at his back and notes that yes, she has; what was once sluggishly bleeding tissue is now an unmarred expanse of skin, "and so you've a debt to repay, pup."

Confusion settles across his skin, soft dread sliding in soon after. "I- What? No, Mizora- I'm too tired. Whatever you want me to do, I need time to recuperate first."

It's highly unusual for her to send him after a new target so soon after he completes the previous (read: unheard of), and Wyll doesn't want to think about the implications of what this could mean. (There's a buzzing in his ears.)

Mizora, of course, doesn't care.

The cambion sidles closer to him, slinging an arm across his torso, ignoring his flinch at the unwanted contact. "Don't you worry, dear," she coos. "I'm not an ingracious benefactress. You don't have to do a thing, really. Just keep hard until I've finished with you."

The buzz grows louder, white noise muddling Wyll's senses. He barely hears himself as he asks, "What... What do you mean?"

She sighs, shaking her head like she's disappointed with him. "Don't you think it's unfair that only *you* get to have a good time? I deserve some pleasure too, you know!"

"And," she adds, vibrant eyes rolling, "I haven't had a proper orgasm for *ages.* Devils just don't know how to treat a lady."

Mizora's arm wraps tighter around him. One leg swings across his lap.

"I'm confident that the famed *Blade of Frontiers* can do *much better* than those brutish hellions."

Her breath tickles at his neck, and abruptly, the buzzing fades. Wyll comes back to himself with a bang, shoving her off of him and scrambling backwards, back slamming painfully into a tree.

"No," he chokes, fighting back bile. "Mizora, *no."*

"Oh, why not?" she pouts, looking put off. "You were so *enthusiastic* not even a moment ago!"

"You and I both know I was under the effects of an aphrodisiac!" he shouts, anger sparking in his gut. "I've just came! I can't give you what you want! *I* don't want this!"

She recoils in disgust at the outburst, and Wyll takes his chance. "Please," he begs. "Not now. Just- Tomorrow, even. Not now."

A beat.

Then her eyes flash with something dangerous and next thing he knows, WylI's choking on air as her hands wrap around his throat. "*You and I both know,*" she repeats, voice cold and amused, "that I'm going to do this whether you like it or not. I'm willing to make it painless," her voice drops and she leans in, grip on his throat bruising, "*as long as you're a good boy, and do what I say.*"

Just as fast as she came, Mizora darts back. Swaying side to side, smiling indulgently down at Wyll, who's gasping pitifully against the rough bark of the tree, she asks, "So what will it be, puppy?"

He stares at the ground, silent, and thinks.

I don't want this. (At least she's giving me the illusion of a choice.)

I can't fucking do this. (It could always be worse.)

But. (There isn't any other answer I can pick.)

She (always) gets (exactly) what she wants.

He looks back up. She's still smiling.

(....He's so tired.)

"Okay," Wyll whispers. "Okay."

And her claws close around her prize.

-π-π-

It hurts.

It hurts, but he keeps his jaw clamped shut and doesn't let the tears spill from his eyes; focuses on the trees and listens to the birdsong buried beneath Mizora's delighted moans. Waits *(pleads)* for her to finish.

"Don't move, pet," she pants, sweat-slick thighs slapping against his own as she rides him. "You're doing so well-- *oh--"*

Mizora leans forwards, tearing at Wyll's arms as she nears her release. He watches as red begins to pool in his periphery vision, and wonders if she'll heal these, too.

"Hold me, would you?" she breathes, heavy and hot in his ear. "*Good* boy, there we go--"

The jostling of her body, tripping towards orgasm, sends the sweat drenching her back drip-drop-dripping into the fresh wounds clawed across the arm Wyll had let lay across the ground, unwilling to give away the scraps of himself he'd barely managed to keep. The salt stings inside them, and he grits his teeth so hard he fears they might crack.

Her rhythm speeds up, tail beginning to lash faster and faster. Wyll closes his eyes and prays.

"Oh, oh, *oh, puppy,*" Mizora groans, hips slamming to a halt, grinding once-- twice-- against him-

-and she's gone, shaking through her release atop Wyll's bloodstained chest, clenching tight around his near-numb length.

"Ahh," she sighs, pulling off with a thick, lewd *pop*ping noise that makes Wyll want to die, "Gods, I needed that. Much appreciated, dear."

He nods, glassy eyes fixed on the colorful skyline behind her. "Okay."

Mizora keeps talking like she hadn't heard a thing he'd said, rising to her feet and traipsing towards the center of the clearing. Wyll tunes her out for a moment, choosing instead to examine the clouds above. He notes, with some small interest, the sunset, painting them in various shades of pink.

She gets louder, and he tunes back in in time to catch the tail end of a sentence. "...tidy you up, get your quaint little fabrics back on. Right as rain in no time."

"Yes, Mizora."

A yawn as the cambion stretches, pearly canines glinting in the golden light. A pause, like she's remembering something, then, "Wyll? Don't take too long to get back on the road. You *are* still under contract, after all."

He inhales. Exhales. Closes his eyes.

"I know."

Satisfied with the reply, Mizora snaps her fingers-- and with a puff of red velvet and a far-away laugh,

Wyll is alone.

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